

Lexington Caucasian.

OUT OF BABYHOOD.

The long white robes that Charlie wore,  
To-day I laid aside.  
With dress short, and shoes and socks,  
Are now the baby's pride;

The little toes peep shyly out,  
And dimpled knees we see,  
While with loud shouts, and laughter wild,  
He kicks in his little glee;

And yet a sadness over me steals,  
To think my baby boy  
Is leaving us so soon,  
That I will miss my pride and joy;

Some time will it be, and will want  
His boots, and pants, and kite,  
And soon the happy baby face,  
Will fade from out my sight;

And thoughtful eyes will take the place  
Of those so bright and blue,

And simple hands, which stroke my cheeks,

Will vanish from me, too;

And baby love that speaks to me,

A thousand times a day,

In books, and amuses, and little bands,

Will pass from me away;

And kiss soft, will cease to press,

His mother's lips and cheek;

And the forgotten ways,

That still my pride will lose;

But I hope, that when he grows

out of the baby ways,

To manhood, I may think that time

Far prouder than these days;

And I pray the day may come,

When to my heart I'll press,

A noble man, who still will love

A mother's fond caress.

April 30th, 1874.

THE SICILIAN VESPERS.

The terrible massacre known by the

year title took place at Easter, in the

year 1282. It was but a verification of the

old power of the tyrant who turned

the people against him. At the time

the Sicilians were ruled over by a

French prince of the house of Anjou, with a

tyranny of the most cruel and galling

nature. The Sicilians, however, in their

desperation, the people had as well to

bear the presence of a licentious and brutal

alien soldiery, to whom nothing was sac-

red; and the men of all classes

had to submit, as offered to those who

were nearest and dearest to them.

Under such a reign of oppression,

it was but little wonder that the hot blood

of Italian wrath should be smouldering,

and waiting but for some slighting to

set it afire. The occasion arrived.

Easter Monday being a grand festi-

val, a procession of the people of Palermo

were sent to the cathedral, and led by the

lady's father and husband, the people rose

in tumult. Arms were seized, a dan-

gerous insurrection of the people began.

This was but a small alarm for

a general uprising, and it was

soon quelled by the French mili-

tary, who gazed with surprise upon all

gatherings of the people, made this a pre-

text for a general massacre.

On the second day, the French

spoke was told to the train, and led by the

lady's father and husband, the people rose

again.

Fortresses were attacked and cap-

ered, sharp and decisive engagements took

place, and garrison and garrison were

slaughtered. Not only did the Sicilians

last to be taken to free the island from the

foreign yoke. But here a pause ensued,

of many months, and inhabitants

looked on with impotent despair, as ap-

posed to that of the trained soldiers. But

again a spark lit the fire. A citizen

was seized by the French for appearing in

public, and he died. He rallied his

friends; here going where they were

born off to prison, when not content

with the conquest, the victor sent to ar-

rest the prisoners, wives and children.

Now the people, how to avenge

themselves, had to submit, and the French

and the English. So was the

people's rage, and so long a reign of cru-

elty had they to avenge, that mere

was forgotten the name of the Sicilian Ves-

pers. The name of the French was

forgotten, and the name of the English.

For this nationality, the king of Sicily

died, and the king of France.

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